

The discontented married Man.

O R,

A merry new Song that was pend in foule weather,
Of a Scould that could not keep her lips together.

To the tune of, *Shce cannot keepe her &c.*



83.



A Young man lately wedded was
To a faire and comely creature;
She was a blithe and bonny Lasse
As ere was fram'd by Nature.
With rolling eye,
And forehead high,
And all good parts Nature could give her:
But she had learned such a note,
She could not keep her l. together.

A lusty youth of Cupids straine,
That might the Queen of Love contented:
Came unto her, her love to gain,
And freely she her love consented.
But to be short,
In Cupids Court,
He woo'd her well when he came thither:
And paid his part in such an art,
She could not, &c.

When her Husband he heard tell
Of her tricks with true relation,
He complained to himselfe
Very sadly in this fashion.
Quoth he, I would give twenty pound,
That ten more then I had with her,
Her mother would take her home againe.
And make her keepe her, &c.

Some be thou of patient mind,
Let not thoughts thy fancies trouble:
For I to this will still prove kind,
And her portion I will double.
Time and age
Will allwaie,
And the fairest flower will wither,
And I such counsell will her give,
Shall make her keepe her l. together.

Henceforth therefore He forsake her,
And her mother shall her take:
And so shame let her better make her.
O; I againe will never take he r.
Pure modesty she doth desire,
Besides she's fickle as the weather:
And her scoulding plainly shewes,
She cannot keepe her l. together.

Then He leaue off to find another,
Though't may adde unto my lustre,
For by the spacious England wide
I am sure affords a cluster.
God and bad,
Are to be had,
Love sped me well though long I tarry
For ere that He have such a mate,
I never more intend to marry.

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The second part

to the same tune.



She is gone a wandring forth,
Whan wenches will be ranging
With two gallants of great worth:
Such as they affect a changing.

She is bent

To consent

For to go she knows not whether
They will teach her such a trick,
She will not keep her l. together.

To the dancing school she goes,
There she spends her husbands treasure,
On each who she wears a rose,
For to them she's at for pleasure.

And resort,

To Cupids Court,

And no sooner she comes thither,
She learns so much of that same sport
She cannot keep her l. together.

To the Tavern she repairs,
Whilst her husband sits and mopes,
There she dominies and sweares,
It is a thing she often uses.

And being fine

She for wine,

Will both payne her hat and leather,
Which both shew that it is true,
She cannot keep her l. together.

He's a Coxcombe that both griebe
And knows not how to court this creature,
For he may pin her to his sleeve,
She is of so kind a nature.

She will play

Every way.

And is as nimble as a feather
But she will often go astray,
She cannot keep her l. together.

Thou that hast a wife that's still,
Love her well and make much of her,
For a woman that is still
All the town thou shalt will scasse her.

Love thy wife

As thy life

Let her not go thou know'st not whether,
For you will alwayes live in strife,
If she keep not her l. together.

Widens faire have a care,
Whom you love, and whom you marry,
Love not those that jealous are
Longer you had better carry.

For offence,

Spring from hence.

You will go you know not whether,
Till you lose both wit and sence,
And cannot keep your l. together.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.